

Promoted to Glory.

We have received news of the death of the child of our Comrades, Mr. and Mrs. Saulias, of Hamilton, Ber. The funeral was conducted by Adjutant Mathews, Captain Welsh and Carter. May God comfort the bereaved parents.

We have also been asked to announce the death of the Rev. Wm. H. Desmarais, who was drowned while bathing in Nicolet River. He was only ordained in June, 1896, so his earthly ministry was indeed brief. He leaves one sister to mourn his loss.

Sister Brown, of Wesleyville, Nfld., when told she was nearing the river, she smiled and said, "Yes, but I'm not afraid to launch away." Her husband has but lately become a Soldier, and to him she said, "I should so much like to see you in uniform before I go home." God comfort the sorrowing husband.

Captain Wilson, of Little Current, reports the death of Comrade Charles Gukagawandah Shegundah. The funeral service was conducted in the English Church. He leaves a wife and two children. May He who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless, befriend them!



"Mother" Jordan, Lippincott.

MOTHER JORDAN, an old warrior of Lippincott Corps, has gone home. Over fifty years' service she rendered to her Lord. Since 1884, Mother Jordan, with her husband, had been faithful Soldiers of the Salvation Army. Very feelingly indeed do the Soldiers speak of her example and influence in the Corps. Ensign Yorek, speaking of her, says: "She suffered much during her last illness, and sometimes was very much tempted and tried, but the God in whom she had trusted for years did not fail her. The end came suddenly; no time to say good-bye, no time to leave a message for loved ones far away; the Chariot lowered, and without a sigh her spirit took its flight. We gave her an Army funeral, and laid her away with a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. At her Memorial Service, several spoke of the blessing she had been to them. Although none yielded then, five have been converted since. Dear old Dad Jordan is left to fight on. God bless and sustain him!"

Instead of keeping ice in a dish, where it will quickly melt, tie flannel loosely in the dish so that it drops into the bowl, and keep the ice in a flannel bag.

LOANS. LOANS. LOANS.

ANY PERSON having money to invest would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from

STAFF-CAPT. SMEETON,
Albert St. Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

THE ANNIVERSARY
IS ALMOST

WAR
CRY

AND OFFICIAL
GAZETTE

VOL. III. NO. 15

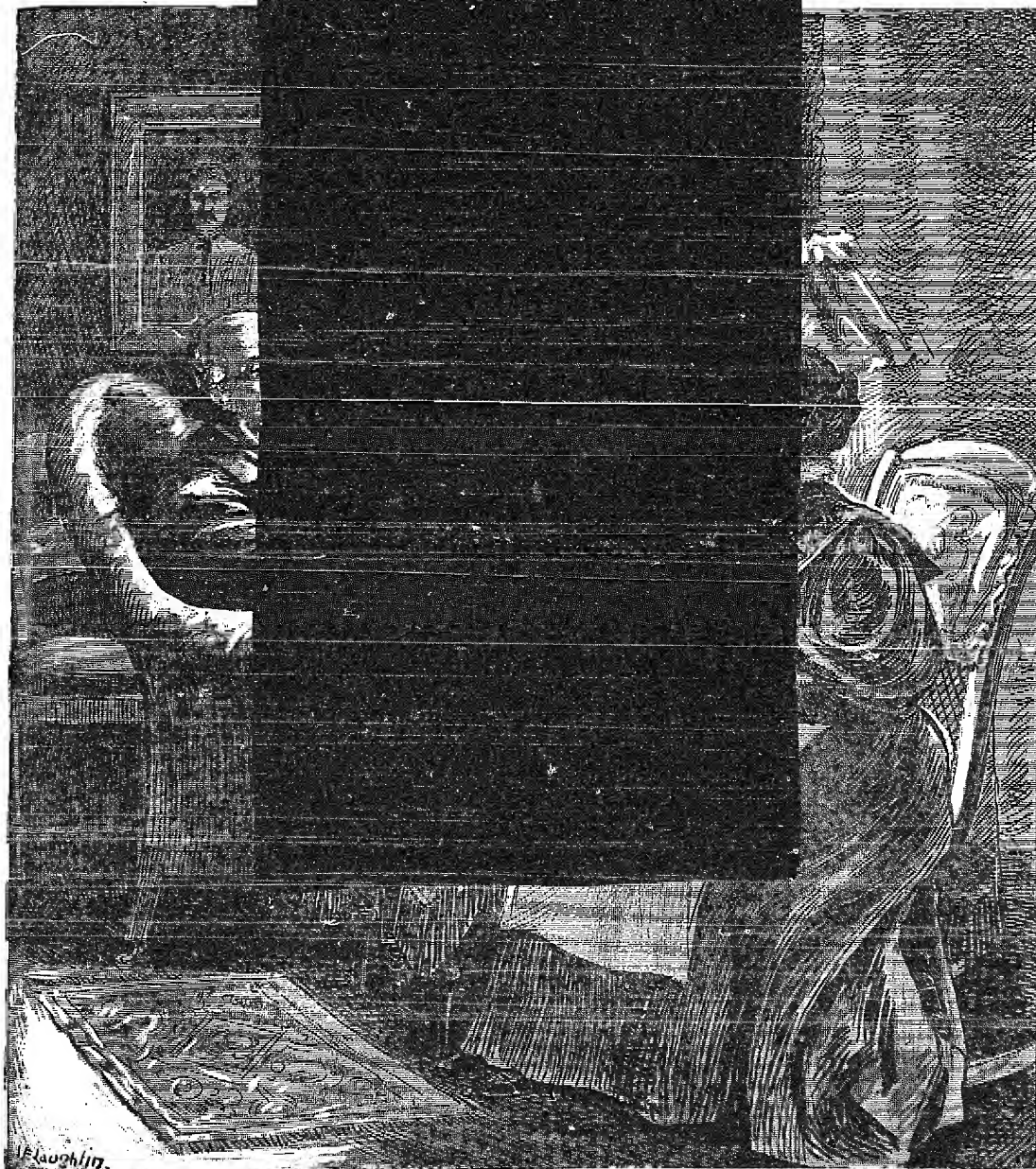
General of the S. A.

MARKET TAKEN?

WAR
CRY

WESTERN
AMERICA

PRICE 5 CENTS.



"Our Joe!" exclaimed Farmer Hendricks.

See "Old Folks a-Ting."

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

A Typical Sketch.

COMFORT was a word writ large upon the parlour of Farmer Hendricks. It looked no from the warm floor-rug, it sat on the thick cushions of the chairs, it gleamed in the cheerful home-light of the table lamp, and positively danced and cracked in the open fire of wood. Farmer Hendricks and his wife were not at all out of keeping with this general air of repose. There was something distinctly comfortable about their very aspect, which appeared to penetrate the depths of Mrs. Hendricks' work-basket and cause the needles, cotton and scissors to dwell in mirth in their soft-resting place. That was a cheerful parlour for Farmer Hendricks was a prosperous man and could afford decidedly over the necessities of life.

Conspicuous on the pictured wall hung the General's photo, though that the Hendricks were

Methodists, Born and Bred,

was a fact not hidden. A fine photo it was, too, preserved in a large and handsome frame. By the side of this picture hung another of equal size, and in an equally splendid frame. It represented a youth of about 20, attired in the Blood and Fire uniform of a private soldier. This needed no scrawled inscription, for no one who ever came into the Hendricks' house could have mistaken that picture's identity. "Our Joe!" cracked the dancing fire; "Our Joe!" purred the large tabby in front of it;

"Our Joe!" sang Mrs. Hendricks' Needle, in the pleasant cadence of its stitch, stitch; "Our Joe!" whistled the wind in the chimney to the mother's ear, and "Our Joe!" exclaimed Farmer Hendricks, excitedly, holding up a paper which he had just opened. It was the current issue of the "War Cry," and upon its page looked out the same face as on the wall. Then the needle's song suddenly ceased, for Mrs. Hendricks threw herself upon that paper as if it had been a gold nugget from Klondyke.

"Joe to the very life!" ejaculated Mrs. Hendricks, holding the picture very close—it is not recorded whether she kissed it. "And he's got on the very badge that he wore that night— you remember!" turning to the elder Joe. Her husband nodded, and then there were

Countless Reminiscences to Recall of Joe and Joe's Doings.

It was some minutes before Mrs. Hendricks' needle began to sing again; and then it took up the same old strain.

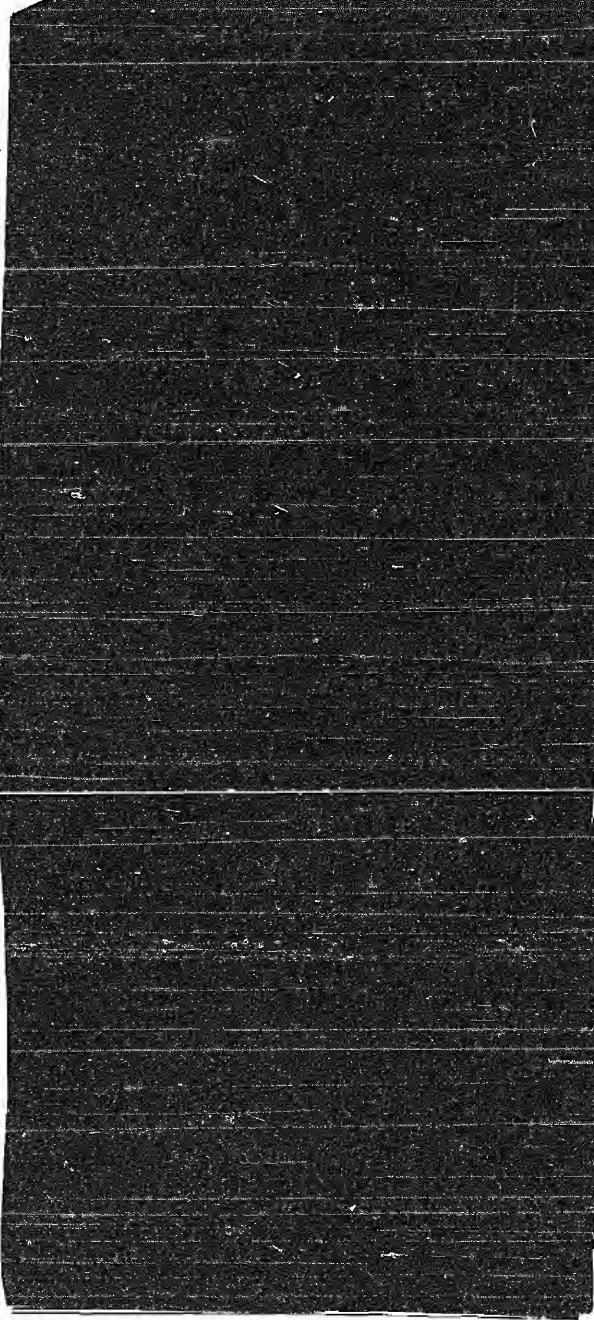
"To think it's two years since he put that badge on!" she said. "Ah, Joe, but it was the dawning of a new day for us when he came in that night from the Barracks with it pinned on his coat."

"It puzzles me!" said Farmer Hendricks, in his slow way. "How folk can sneer at the Army, which takes hold of naughty boys like our Joe was and turns them into God-fearing credits to parents and home. Our parson had given Joe by he said he had an inheritance—whatever that may be—for drink and bad company. How he did open his eyes when he saw Joe that night in his coat!"

The memory reminded Mrs. Hendricks of a painful circumstance.

"I should like him to have remained with us then—you remember, Joe," she said. "It was the first time he had said there since he was a boy. It seemed strange that God should have wanted him to leave home just when

He was Getting a Comfort to us."



"We fought against it a long time, wife," said the farmer, "but it was God's way, and we couldn't stand out against the boy when he said 'God called him,' could we?"

"No!" murmured the mother, with the tears glistening behind her spectacles, "and I would now that I had never said even one word to hinder. Thank God that He did not let our hesitation make him falter in his determination to do God's will. We little knew how he was going to be used in soul-winning; it's the thought of these precious people whom Joe's brought in God that comforts me when I feel most lonesome. Do you know, Joe, it often seems to me as if God let our boy go instead of us. It's the biggest gift He has asked us for, and after all, his Corps is never too far

away for him to be within call if we should be taken sick suddenly."

An exclamation from the farmer, who had been reading down the page whereon was Joe's photo, interrupted her.

"Listen to this, wife," he said, his voice quivering with emotion. The paragraph read: "Lieutenant Joseph Hendricks' God-given success in Corps' work has well entitled him to his present promotion to the rank of Captain. This advance is the more pleasing at the moment when Headquarters have decided to send the young and promising Officers to the further opportunities of foreign service, selecting South Africa as his future battle-ground."

The tears did more than sparkle in Mrs. Hendricks' eyes now and clink in her husband's voice; they fell fast,

Through them husband and wife looked into each other's faces.

"Wife, it's hard!" whispered the father, "but dare we hold him back?"

And Mrs. Hendricks answered through her tears, "Had he been in sin he would not have been here—now God has saved him, can we refuse him to His work. God has called our Joe—he will not hinder his answer."

So it came that once more an empty chair in the homestead was the reminder of "our missionary," fighting faithfully far away, while those who were left God did not fail to recompense with the blessing which comes only to those who withhold not even their Isaac from the need of the Lord.

HE HAD TO LET GO.

This was the heading in a contemporary recently announcing the death of a well-known millionaire. After an illness of two months, he died abroad his seat. If report speaks true, he was the owner of one of the most gorgeous floating palaces ever built. And yet he had to let go. After all, why not? The tale here and his rider know of no consideration for wealth any more than for poverty. That broad steed reins up as surely at the palace portal as at the cottage door.

He had to let go. Wealth may have supported him in life; the restless race of society's sea may have buoyed him up; friends, equally wealthy had doubtless been his daily associates, and yet he had to let them all go.

If they were all he had to hold to in life, how sad his lot. To be compelled to leave them was to go into eternity empty-handed. What an up-to-date lesson upon the words of the Apostle: "We brought nothing into this world, and it's certain we can carry nothing out."

You, too, reader, will have to let go whether you will or not. Everything that is of the earth passeth away—home, friends, wife, husband, family, prospects, ambitions—all, all must be let go! THEN HOW WILL YOU STAND BEFORE GOD?

Empty your hands now of all that is of the world, and "lay hold on eternal life." This is the eternal that they might know that the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom They have sent." (John vii. 3.) "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "That that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

"Nothing in my hands I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling,"

H. W.

'Don't Torment Me, Let Me Alone'

Captain Hisecock, writing from 7th Cove, Nid., tells the following incident: "While visiting this week, we entered into a house and were hidden to come upstairs. There upon a bed lay a poor woman dying. We at once spoke to her of her soul's Salvation. 'Are you saved?' I asked. 'No!' was the answer."

"How Will You Meet Your God?"

We told her we had come to pray with and help her. "I don't want your prayers," she said. "We got men on my knees and sang, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and prayed for her poor soul."

Rising from our knees we asked her again: "Are you going to get saved?" "No," she cried, and her soul passed away.

While talking to her, every now and then she would exclaim "Don't torment me! Let me alone!"

Thus it was that the message which would have meant peace and forgiveness and reconciliation with God was rejected at the last moment, and as she lay dead she died.

Reader! Except you get converted and are born again of God's Spirit YOU WILL DIE AS YOU LIVE. A sinner in life—slimmer in death; without God in life—without Him in death; a life spent in the darkness of sin with the thunderbolts of a guilty conscience—a death-bed in the darkness of hopeless despair, overwhelmed by remorseful memories and the overwhelming of the vial of the wrath of God.

SEEK HIM TO-DAY! TO-DAY HE LOVES YOU AND WANTS TO SAVE YOU. PRO-MITTINGLY HE MAY BAN YOUR JUDGE AND HAVE TO DARE YOU.

Learnington Corps has just had a visit from Dr. Leaman, the saved Indian. The meeting was well attended, the "Press" reporting very favorably upon them. Crowds on the streets were large. A special afternoon meeting brought in \$12.00. Captain Payton is in command of this Corps.

A D. O.'S I

Around His

Over 100 Misses Wall

Visitors

IONAVISTA—We crowds, souls accusat hard, fish scarce, no but believing for a b THIRD ISLAND C Corps reached. Lieut. well in hand, and is s of Love. Since then l five members. Go on are on right lines. CATALINA is rock hard corps, but Car man able to surmount trust God for victory God, comrades. "Etho the dark the clouds etc. For "this is the cometh the world, ev

TRINITY—Next Co ing. They have now week since taking be Captain say that he Trinity than any pl yet. (Note)—This is out. This convective whitewash brush, v barracks with it and the same price. Gou are "clinging for grev

AUSGRAVE TOW week end here. Capit shalling three warri knelt at the cross, sang and worked over but none yielded to ing Sunday three of They still go on to work is small yet, b an increase.

CLARENSVILLE land and Lieut. For ing hard here. The of eight miles. The ted. From Claren Lilly took me to R his sailing boat. Th of 1, member at C, ing for more.

ROBINSON BIGH is looking after the of the people, and t reh. He visits two dissuade of seven i meetings. I have letter from him, whi visit God has blesses Three souls in the fo and soldiers working continues in the futu last few weeks I sh broken up. But it out than to rust. I resolved, H. F. mat reach the target, c rades, victory lies be Yours helping GEO.

CONFES

I F I HAVE CONFES FAITHFUL AND GIVE US OUT CLEANSE US FROM OURNESS. O. John, even and wonderful are from God, who c fession means repent that means that by your eyes have been and lost state, and yo ful on account of sh to God to save you I you believe that He has promised to do, a love, trust, and obey and you feel the wro your soul, drawing i and glorify this brought you out of d

I believe this con man also, if we have or otherwise injur ter, let us confess to their forgiveness, an situation we possibly much faith in a per don't do both if they God's Word says, one to another, and other." I believe a right circumstances, of good done by con your heart to some g I believe thousands and encouraged and through the grace and every man and the name of Jesus s less by their lives, I also, that others t the saving knowledge closing, I would say the Lord! He has I if you will seek Him May the Lord bless to His honour and R SECRET

A D. O.'s DOINGS

Around His District.

Over 180 Miles Walked - Six Corps Visited.

HONAVISTA.—We are having good crowds, souls occasionally, financing hard, fish scarce, no money the cry, but looking for a brighter future.

THIRD ISLAND COVE.—The first Corps reached. Lieut. Pugh has things well in hand, and is starting the third of Love. Since then he has got five members. Go on, Lieutenant, you are on right lines.

CATALINA.—Is reckoned one of our hard corps, but Capt Bennett is a man able to surmount difficulties and trust God for victory. Have faith in God, comrades. "The sun will shine" tho' dark the clouds may be to-day, etc. For "this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith."

THINITY.—Next Corps, Capt. Hurry and Cadet Hugen is here busy working. They have souls most every week since taking hold. I heard the Captain say that he fared better in Thinity than any place he has been yet. (Note)—This is reckoned a hard nut. This energetic man bought a whitewash brush, whitewashed the barracks with it and it cost for the same price, God for him. They are collecting for greater victories.

MISGIAVE TOWN.—I spent the week and here, Capt Bennett is marshalling three warriors. Seven souls knelt at the cross, and we prayed, sang and worked over them for hours, but none yielded to God. The following Sunday three of them got saved. They still go on to victory. Junior work is small yet, but they are in for an increase.

CLARENSVILLE.—Captain England and Lieut. Forward are working hard here. They visit a district of eight miles. The houses are scattered. From Clarensville, Uncle Joe Lilly took me to Robinson Blight in his sailing boat. He is the only B. of L. member at C, but I am believing for more.

ROBINSON BLIGHT.—Lieut. Fletcher is looking after the spiritual welfare of the people and teaching the children. He visits two places a week, a distance of seven miles, and holds meetings. I have just received a letter from him, which says since your visit God has blessed us wonderfully. Three souls in the fortnight last night and soldiers working fine. If the work continues in the future as it has this last few weeks I shall be completely broken up. But it is better to wear out than to rust. Had an enrollment received, H. P. matter determined to reach the target, etc. (in on, comrades, victory lies before you).

Yours helping in the work,
GEO. KENWAY, Enr.

CONFESSION.

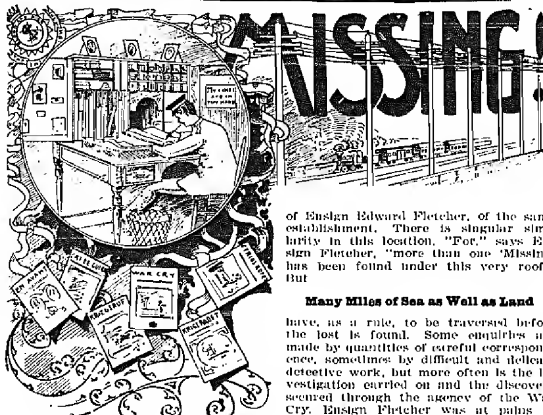
I F WE CONFESS OUR SINS HE IS FAITHFUL AND JUST TO FORGIVE US OUR SINS, AND TO CLEANSE US FROM ALL UNRIGHTNESS. (1 John. 1. 9). This is a great and wonderful promise to the sinner from God, who cannot lie. This confession means repentance, of course, and that means that by God's Holy Spirit, your eyes have been opened to your guilt and lost state, and your heart is sorrowful on account of sin, and you cry out to God to save you from your sins, and you believe that He does do what He has promised to do, and you go forth to love, trust, and obey this loving Saviour, and you feel His presence and power in your soul, drawing you out to magnify and glorify this Saviour, who has brought you out of darkness into light.

I believe this confession must be to man also, if we have sinned, wronged, or otherwise injured our brother or sister, let us confess to them also, and beg their forgiveness, and make all the restitution we possibly can. I have not much faith in a person's confession that don't do both if they possibly can. God's Word says, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another." I believe at times, under the right circumstances, there is a great deal of good done by confessing, and opening your heart to some godly man or woman. I believe thousands have been blessed and encouraged and saved by this means, through the grace and power of God, and every man and woman that heeds the name of Jesus should not only confess by their lives, but by their tongues also, that others may be brought to the saving knowledge of the truth. In closing, I would say to every sinner: Seek the Lord! He has promised to be found if you will seek Him with all your heart. May the Lord bless these few words to His honour and glory.

TO-DAY! TO-DAY HE AND WAITS TO SAVE. TOMORROW HE MAY BE DEAD AND HAVE TO DAMN.

Corpus has just had a... Logins, the saved inmates were well favoured... reporting very favourably... at the special afternoon meeting... \$2.50, Captain Payton... of this Corps.

SECRETARY CARRIN.
Halifax N.



All About the Help and Enquiry.

WORSE even than the "Death Column," in its agonizing uncertainty, that corner of the newspaper which announces shipping casualties and adventures—themselves or ships recorded as missing has assumed quite too often the thread of hope's life-line and struck with its sickening dread a death-knell to the dearest prospects of thousands, but there are other roads to the region of the lost than that covered by the sad sea waves, and there are other means of being found than through the agency of cork boat and life-boat apparatus.

Much of the belt of sadness which encircles the world of so many is the result of an uneasy ignorance mingled with a dread foreboding as to the condition of some lost relative or friend. We often hear the expression: "How very small the world is, after all!" but to thousands it has seemed very large for years they have lost track entirely of

Those Once Near and Still Dear.

A few weeks of irregularity in letter-writing, an unmodified change of address, a sickness, or a sin—and the little breath of absence widens into a chasm of separation, strange and deep. So hearts are hungry for news that never comes, strained eyes watch with hope deferred for the on-passing postman's knock, and long anxiously spread silver hair and stress wrinkles over the sorrowing.

To Bind up Broken Hearts

has long been undeniably the mission of the Salvation Army. Wherever our Ping has gone, it has carried all possible cheer and alleviation to saddest hearts and homes; and although out of the beaten track of ordinary evangelistic work, there could be no hesitation in the endeavor to lift so dark a shadow as that which falls upon families when "Missing" is the name written over one vacant chair.

It would be no easy task to tell just how the Help and Enquiry endeavor originated. Like all other avenues of Army effort, it grew out of a need and has increased in extent and usefulness year by year, until to-day it surveys our world-wide organization into every great country of the globe, and has even preceded us to out of the way and wild spots, where

Its Lantern of Discovery

has paved the way for a reputation well worthy of the colours.

The Army is specially suited for work of this character. Its great extent, the willing co-operation of its workers, and perhaps, more than all, the vast circulation of its literature, offer special facilities for finding out whereabouts and recruiting friends long absent.

There is never any question of its being over time to take up an enquiry case that needs personal investigation—such incidents of helplessness do but mingle with the details of a Salvationist's life. And the Army's military precision and organizing power puts the machinery for such an effort

Out of the Reach of Much Probable Tangling

which might otherwise threaten it. The field of the Help and Enquiry is a large one, taking in not only the finding of the lost, but the bringing to justice of the guilty, the defence of the wronged and helpless, and the unravelling of many of the mysteries which harass and render hearts unhappy.

So much for Enquiry in the general; now for a brief glance at what it is doing under the wing of the present Territory, having its Headquarters at the Toronto Lifeboat, and its Secretary in the person



of Ensign Edward Fletcher, of the same establishment. There is singular similarity in this location. "For," says Ensign Fletcher, "more than one 'Missing' has been found under this very roof."

Many Miles of Sea as Well as Land

have, as a rule, to be traversed before the lost is found. Some enquiries are made by quantities of careful correspondence, sometimes by difficult and delicate detective work, but more often is the investigation carried on and the discovery secured through the agency of the War Cry. Ensign Fletcher was at pains to explain to us the other day just how he worked in harmony with the War Cry in the different countries. He showed us

A Shant of Enquiries

which had been sent him across the Atlantic from the representative of the work on the other side for insertion in this "Cry," and said that he often had to send on himself numbers of applications to his comrades Secretaries of the Help and Enquiry to follow up cases in other lands. One seems to catch another sight of The Army's wonderful internationalism in these long, easy-pulled wires of communication work.

The finding is not always quick work. Here is the case of a man advertised for in 1905, just writing from the United States, saying that he saw the advertisement for himself in Australia, and asking us to put him in touch with his wife, long unheard of.

This Case is Now Two Years Old

but is being worked up with as much energy as if it only happened yesterday. Emigrant cases predominate in the search-work of this Territory. Many of them are men who have come out from the Old Land to seek work, and have, either through wrong-doing, misfortune or sickness, failed to send word home, and thus gradually have slipped behind the indefinite term of "Missing." Such lost ones have been traced in many cases, and by the good hand of God's blessing, been reunited to their people. Strange pathos there sometimes is in these findings. That

Bad News is Better than No News

gives courage to the Secretary's pen, as, in some cases he has to pass the information that the missing has indeed been found, but in his grave. Then what of the carefully-worded letters that must go to some anxious wife or mother, telling them as gently as possible, that their lost one has been found behind prison bars.



ENSIGN FLETCHER.

But more often the end of those successful enquiries is in the happy of reunion scenes. What else could be the outcome of such a message as the following, which Ensign Fletcher read to us the other day, and which had just been handed in by a gentleman:

"**Too, I Freely Forgive You. All's Well. Write.**"

And the story which the Ensign told us of the once prodigal boy made it not

difficult to imagine what the reply would be.

Sometimes a touch of romance creeps into that Enquiry work. "We found the help to some property the other day," Ensign Fletcher told us, "and when personal detection is to be done, it has to be executed with the utmost care. On these occasions, plain clothes have invariably to be worn, for it is no easy task, for as some one said the other day, 'There are some people who don't want to be found.'"

Sometimes there is great gratitude—sometimes the Enquiry Secretary seems disposed to ask, "But where are the nine?" Often letters full of the joy of thankfulness reach his office, out of which drop spontaneous little dominions. For no charge is compulsory, and the payment to defray expenses of postage is not pressed; for the Army is

The Detective of the Poor.

and once again is seen in its usual form of helping those who have no helper. The total number of cases which have passed through the Enquiry books of this Territory is 384, out of which 354 have been found. But, of course, hundreds answer an address given in the advertisement, and do not acquaint Headquarters in all, and thus the latter figure is in reality far larger than given.

At the present time the Enquiry work is doing well. Three lost were found before the fifteenth of the month, and applications are close on each other's heels for assistance.

We asked Ensign Fletcher what close connection this work of Enquiry had with his spiritual aims and activity of The Army. He looked more than incredulous as to the necessity of such a question, considering that the seeking of the lost, the comforting of sad hearts, the bringing to justice of the guilty and the thinking of wanderers to home again is a mission well in accordance with the teaching and example of the Good Shepherd. And we think he thought rightly.

DIAMOND DUST.

NOW is the season for our buying up a blessed store in Heaven.

Consider yourself a servant of God sent into the world to bear the Cross, suffer reproach, to love your enemies, and to pray even for murderers.

To question the validity of any one's call whose labours are clearly sanctioned by the broad seal of Heaven is an unchristianlike act of presumption.

Keep this recollection of soul, let nothing bustle the Spirit; be always at His feet.

Oh, what need of keeping up the strife every day! May nothing shakeen out none!

Rush through hell to save a soul from burning.

Never sink with others; it is our greatest glory to stand even alone.

Live in entire sanctification—all your heart God's throne.

The work of justification is great, yet the entire renewal of the soul in the image of God is much greater.

Keep your centre; never be divided; never wonder; mourn if ever you lose sight of Him. Rejoice in a constant view of Him.

Don't live as most persons do; be not almost, but altogether a Christian.

Too many rest in "sins forgiven."

No man as a Christian should be found on the same spot of ground two days together.

Keep yourself in the love of God.

In his latest despatch from Brigadier Howell, of Spokane states that his province will fly over their Harvest Festival Target, Bravo, Pacific!

Comrade Mary Boyd, an ex-captain, sends us the following testimony from Kingston: "I love the dear Army and the field work as much as ever. If circumstances would allow, I would be in the field to-day, but I thank God I am a soldier, and am kept by the power of God, Halleujah!"

I love to read the different corps reports in the Cry, and see that they are having victories. Naturally the places where I have been myself, I read first, and reading them, I feel like saying to the soldiers: "Be true, fight on, Victory is sure. God will reward the faithful."

STRANGE : LOVES.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

THE ENGAGEMENT between Mr. Richard Featherstone and Miss Amos did come to an end; but not altogether in the manner suggested by the former's peremptoriness.

Dick Featherstone, on reflection, was compelled to admit the courage and conscientiousness of Miss Amos, and although he was undoubtedly governed by worldly motives, he felt that he could not entirely disassociate himself from the past without making one more attempt to bring his affianced to reason. So on his return home he wrote her a long and what was truly an impassioned appeal to Miss Amos's sense of right and affection.

"How can you," he pleaded, "reconcile your pledge to me—formed from as pure a motive as that which is evidently inspiring your present action—with your duty as a Christian? Does true love come less true when it becomes more Christian? Have I changed since we first vowed to study each other's interests as true lovers? If you know more of Christ and I am now persuaded you do, surely does not follow that you should compromise your relation to me as your future husband? Can't you let the question of The Salvation Army remain in abeyance till you have proved it?"

"Remember that many have been equally warm in their first attachment to it as you are, but who to-day are working in other sections of the Christian Church. Try the spirits. I have examined the Army for myself and am satisfied that, while it accomplishes some good, it is at the cost of a loss of that reverence which is the first essential of Christian worship."

"Then, does not the circle in which you and I move need reforming? I do not set myself as an example of what a Christian should be altogether, but together might we not raise the standard of Christian earnestness? At any rate, you must surely be convinced that the two cannot mix—you cannot wear a half-lighted helmet and be Mrs. Featherstone. That is putting it in the blindest form; but I do so in the hope that the inconsistency of the sight may bring you back to show the future by the standard of a true proportion."

The epistle troubled Miss Amos. There is no doubt about it. For hours she looked uneasy. Principal and pupils observed it. In the Provost's study she often found more than once to pull her self up.

The fact is that the letter incited a doubt about the richness of her attitude toward Richard Featherstone. Was she justified in giving him up simply because of this "strange love," as he termed it, for The Salvation Army? She looked at it first in the light of a promise, then a duty, and finally as a cross; but the more she studied the question the deeper grew the darkness with which it was surrounded. Miss Amos was staggered. Her love for Dick Featherstone was at least sincere.

After ten she resolved to forego her lessons and attend The Army meeting that night, in the hope that she might there get some light.

Fortunately, it was Holiness night, and the meeting was led by a Staff Officer from the Headquarters in London. At first she was somewhat disappointed, as she had almost learned by this time to look up to the Lord Captain as her spiritual adviser. Now here was a stranger. He would be sure to speak about The Army's work. She didn't want that. Her ears were soon directed, however. The Staff Officer began by giving out that hymn—

"Now search me and try me, O Lord!
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See, helpless I cling to Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh."

"If there is any one here in doubt," he said, "that's me!" Miss Amos sat quietly. "Come to Christ with it. Doubts are dangerous. They darken the counsel of God. They deprive the soul of blessing. They are dangerous because they are plausible. They generate a question the need of an entire separation from sin or an unqualified surrender to the will of God. Oh, they buffet faith by trying to make it appear possible to serve God with one hand and mammon with the other. Now, if there is a soul at the commencement of this meeting harassed by one single doubt, then I plead with that soul to do as these words say—My soul to my Saviour draws nigh."

"I see it," Miss Amos mused. "I have been debating and discussing this matter with myself. Lord, help me now! And she sang and sang the last line again and again, and when the Staff Officer cried, "Now, then, let us pray!" the passage of Scripture, "Whosoever is



OUGHT-TO-BE-CANDIDATES, ATTENTION!

not of faith is sin," rose to her memory. Light came. The Holy Ghost flooded her heart. The subtlety of Dick Featherstone's reasoning was exposed. She would stand by her first revelation of God's Spirit to her, namely, to take up her cross and follow Christ. She saw the Divine wisdom of the Cross. The suggestion of her lover's distorted Christianity of the cross, and as she chose afresh the path which God had mapped out for her, her spirit was filled with a sweet peace, and when the invitation was given at the close of the meeting, she knelt in the penitential form—not for victory, but to rejoice over victory gained.

When the collection was counted that night, an encouragement ring was discovered in the box. On hearing of Miss Amos' act, Dick Featherstone wrote at once, saying he half expected it. "The next time I hear about you," he successfully concluded, "it will be of hawking newspapers in the slums of London. Yours is a strange love."

Richard Featherstone's prophecy came true, for Miss Amos has since entered and passed through the Training School of The Salvation Army. The love of Christ is strange to the worldly-minded.

The End.

Mecumina.

Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Gamble, Regina, with us for 10 days. Good times; better crowds; greater interest; deep conviction. Our trust be strong in God. Captain Jarvis.

Temple.

This Corps was well supplied in the absence of English A.W.M. (on rest) by Major and Mrs. Gaskin, who led the attack all day in good Salvation style. At 11 a.m. the Major gave us a talk on "A reasonable service." One dear Soldier, at the close of meeting, came out for sanctification. We also had with us Major Cousins, of the United States, a former Canadian warrior. He brought over with him Staff-Captain Smith, of New York Social work fame. The night meeting was of great interest, as one and another drove home the Truth. Major Gaskin, in his remarks, holding every one's attention.

F. Zorhorst, Rec. Cor.

BABES IN CHRIST.

By H. E. C. FRANK.

Warm from the mother's heart love flows—
eth sweet,
Her little one to greet:
So God's great heart of love leans yearning
towards
O'er such frail things as we.
And as the babe lies naked—willing—
and
Life from her breast to seek,
So, God, I have no anything but Thee,
And what Thou livest me.
Thou art my walking earnest from afar,
Sleeping from star to star
For rescue of my soul; and with such
heed,
I have what'er I need.

Nay, but I yield! Forsaken and forlorn—
A feeble thing new-born
Clings to Thy bosom! Saviour, I am Thine;
Lust of the flesh Divine.

Yet naught have I but from Thy stores
is lent;
Shelter or nourishment;
The flame for warmth, the living stream
are Thine;
Fair flowers, and stars that shine,
A little strength I draw from out Thy
might;
A ray from God's great light;
A tiny grasp of reason and of will,
For choice of good or ill.
Dear Lord! And shall Thy love hear-
nate be
To woo my love to Thee? I quest—
And shall I rather choose some demon
Refusing to be best?

forth the alarm of fire. The crowd gathers, and surges to and fro with excitement. The smoke and flames are gushing from the doors and windows, when, to the horror of the crowd, a child appears in the top window, and cries for "Help!" The brave firemen are on the spot! Up goes the ladders, and one of them volunteers to seek the heights and so to the rescue. He mounts the ladder amid the cheers of the crowd, and he goes up! up! up! Encouraged and inspired by the ardent cheers of the excited crowd below, he reaches the window, rescues the child, and lands it safely into the arms of an anxious, loving mother.

The Need is Met.

Now, my Comrades, these are only two or three of the many and various needs of mankind, which call forth our practical help and sympathy, and to which thousands of our brave-hearted men are devoting their lives.

Another Need.

Ten thousand times greater and more burning than any need, pressing, pressing and demanding, yet more—

THE RESCUING OF SOULS.

Stop! Stop! Stop!

Open your eyes! see the sin and iniquity abounding as a mighty torrent! Go to the saloons, gambling dens, dance halls, theatres, and see the millions throng! The rich and poor, the high and low, the young and old, the black and white, all carried on the bosom of this mighty torrent of sin down to the dark abode of the damned. Go to the Prisons, Jails, Asylums, Police Courts, and see the consequences of sin! Go to the drunkard's home! see the woe, poverty and starvation! see the poor broken-hearted wife and child, half-starved, half-frozen children! Look at it and you cannot see it any longer for weeping.

Open your ears! listen to the tramp! tramp! tramp! of the mighty army of drunkards, harlots, blasphemers, seafarers, worldlings, empty professors, Christ-killers, backsliders and sinners of all kinds as they march on! on! on! down to death and destruction.

Hear the groans and cries for deliverance coming up from the mighty throng of slaves, who are bound to their chains of habit, appetite, desire and lust!

Mark! Listen again, my Comrade: There is another cry—it comes from the dark, black region of despair! It is the cry of a lost soul, pleading and beseeching you to go and warn his brethren lest they should come to this place of torment also.

Now, my Comrade, after reading over these few, disconnected sentences, let me ask you: What are you doing to help fill the gap, and stop the cry for help?

I beseech you, in the name of my bleeding, dying Lord, to rise up! come out of your homes! come out of your circumstances and surroundings! All good-byes to father and mother, brothers and sisters, homes and lands! Buckle on the whole armour, and take your place in the front of the light, and go forward to save the lost.

Your Christ demands it! His poor, suffering, dying humanity demands it! The groans and tears of blood, wringing out of the heart of many a poor wife and mother demand it!

The call for help from the organization to which you belong demands it!

Will you do it? and will you do it now?

Have you heard the wall of weeping?

Have you heard the fearful rooping?

(Of a soul that sinks below?)

Rejoice, then, who by Christ are freed!

Ho, ho! oh! heed the world's great need!

To save the lost like Him who saved you!

Forward speed!

Yours seeking the lost,

R. GAGE, Staff-Captain.

Hallelujah Wedding at Ridgetown.

Oh, yes, it's quite true that we have just been having big times here of late. Our latest big "go," has been in the shape of a wedding. Brother Humphreys, thinking it about time to get a partner, spoke his mind to Sister —, but what she said on the matter I'm not informed; but I suppose her answer must have been O.K. for it was not long after that Staff-Captain Turner left his pen—driving for a day or two, and took a trip to Ridgetown to tie the wedding knot. A good crowd attended the wedding, which went off without a hitch, excepting that just as the Staff-Captain was asking the all-important question, viz., "Will thou," etc., all lights went out. Adjutant Archibald spoke on behalf of the married folk, while Lieutenant Henton spoke on behalf of the —, well, as you can see. After the meeting, about a hundred sat down to a good supper. The brilliant pair left at midnight for Toronto. Captain Cockerell, C. O. worked hard to make it a success.

SKIPPER.

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENTS—

BRIGADIER MARGETTS, to be Territorial Secretary.
ADJUTANT HAY, Junior Secretary Central Ontario Province, to Fenelon Falls.

PROMOTION—

LIEUT. HAYMAN, of Hillsboro, N. B., to be Captain.
LIEUT. WELSH, of Gravenhurst, to be Captain at Stroud.
LIEUT. BURTON, of Hamilton, IL, to be Captain.
LIEUT. WHITE, of Toronto Social, to be Captain at Brampton.
LIEUT. KERR, Toronto Rescue Home, to be Captain.

MARRIAGE—

At Montreal, on Sept. 13th, by Brigadier Sharp, Adj. Thomas Combs, of Montreal, L., to Adj. Eda Mitchell, last stationed at Cobourg.
EVANGELINE BROOTH, Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

THE COMMISSIONER SETS THE PACE.

THE soul saving significance of the Field Commissioner's Eastern tour appeals to the heart of every warrior of the Flag. Already more than a hundred souls now have set their seal to the out-reaching influence of the meetings held, and faith stretches out to the conclusion of the campaign for the winning of many more. This is a glorious start for our winter war, and one which will not only enthrust this particular Province, but strike through the whole territory the inspiration of a great faith and holy daring to crowd the coming months brimful with definite salvation successes. With the first chill breath that retards the progress of out-door excitements and recreations, there opens up to the fighter for God and souls a season of additional opportunity, especially beneath his own roof-tree. Let every officer unite in zealous endeavor to make their meetings not only the best up-to-date in point of attraction and audience, but continually resultful in the ingathering of a spiritual winter harvest.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OUR days' campaign. Splendid success. Sunday Holiness Meeting lasted till 2 o'clock. Nine seeking blessing and salvation all day. Outrigger and unique marches electrify Western Fair visitors. Drama—"Modern Prodigal"—in five acts, created profound impression. Marine Band went down like oysters. Officers Councils A. I. Officers enthusiastic over financial schemes and various phases of junior work. Universal adoption of "Emergency Fund" advocated. "Ole Ark's A-Swinkin'" Halifax!

Brigadier Read at Dovercourt.

CHILDREN AT THE CROSS—HIGH TIMES.

(Special.)

Just a few hours after the Brigadier arrived from his tour in the Barrie District, he hied off to the northern limits of the Queen City, there to lead the Dovercourt warriors for the Sunday and Monday, Sept. 15th and 20th. Bunking with Captain Lewis on the Saturday night, the P.O. was ready for the fray at 7 a.m. Six seeking sincere Salvationists asked for power and received it. A beautiful incident took place at the close of the Holiness Meeting. One man deliberately came to the Cross for deliverance from a disobedient, careless spirit. Then two young girls, aged about 12 years each, hurried out, buying their faces in

CONTINUED CONQUESTS
IN THE EAST.THE
Field Commissioner

Entralls Tremendous Throngs at Digby, Yarmouth, Windsor and Halifax—Over One Hundred Souls Already Captured.

YARMOUTH, Sept. 14th.

Grand triumphant finish up Commissioner's meetings St. John last night. Nine souls; making total 52 in three days. God upheld the Commissioner. Noon-day meeting Digby, to-day, Methodist Church nearly filled. Strong men wept. Great excitement, Yarmouth.

MAJOR PUGMIRE.

YARMOUTH, Sept. 17th.

Opera House full two nights. Magnificent meetings. People in tears. Audience captivated. Commissioner full of the Spirit. Expressions of love from soldiers, friends, unqualified. The Mayor and leading citizens present all meetings. Numbers followed Commissioner home. Victory! Eleven souls. \$130.

MAJOR PUGMIRE.

HALIFAX, Sept. 19th.

Meeting Methodist Church, Windsor, marvellous time. Commissioner swayed crowds. Kindness people wonderful. Thirteen souls. 552. Crowd station Commissioner's departure. Meeting Halifax excelled everything. Academy Music afternoon and night crowded. Night tremendous reception. Mighty conviction. 25 souls and \$150 for day. Opinion of all finest meetings held in city under the Flag. The world for God!

MAJOR PUGMIRE.



their hands and weeping. They both acknowledged that they were so "wicked" and "sinful," and this is the substance of one's testimony: "O, my Heavenly Father, I thank Thee, I am saved now." "I will be faithful," and the other's: "I was sinful and bad, but I know I am saved now." As she finished talking another junior ran across and kissed her. Two of the juniors testified in this meeting. They were the children of Brother Lawrence, who says that all his family were going to Heaven and "pulling one way now." His tiny boy kept things moving by clapping his hands. God bless the dear children and lead them to the fold.

Chilly were the blasts that swept through the trees of the grave used by the corps for open-air. So cold was it that we had to go back to the barracks, not, however, till we had put in burning songs and words for Jesus. Then inside we had a talk with the soldiers on "temptation." It was a profitable afternoon. The soldiers' council and night meeting were equally good.

PRY.

COSMOPOLITAN
PERSONALIA.

Major Blanche Cox has opened Clinton, Mass.

Consul Booth-Tucker has accepted an invitation to attend the Convention of the W. C. T. U. at Buffalo.

Major Blanche B. Cox has paid a visit to our New York Headquarters. She reports great progress in Western Massachusetts.

Commander Booth-Tucker has left New York to meet the Citizens' Committee at San Francisco upon his Colonization schemes of California.

Commander Booth-Tucker, as so often combining salvation campaigning with colonization prospecting in the West, is now on tour.

Sir Fowell Buxton, the Governor of South Australia, phoned the Commandant to visit him at his vice-regal

residence in Melbourne. The interview was a pleasant one.

Lieut.-Col. Keppel is quite an adept with his camera. The front page of the "Prisco Cry" is the work, composed of pictures which he took while in the Old Country of the Undeligh Farm Colony.

Mr. Herbert Booth had a pleasing interview with Lady Victoria Buxton at the Government House, Adelaide. Her Ladyship endorsed her sympathy by the substantial gift of \$250 towards the Army's social work.

After a long and trying illness, the beloved little daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Cox, Editor-in-Chief over the border, has gone Home. She was laid to rest on the beautiful hillside of Sunny Orange by the Chief Secretary.

Lieutenant-Colonel Perry's marching orders from the New York Headquarters will come as a surprise to many. His long and faithful service, together with that of Mrs. Perry on the American battlefield, has endeared him to every Comrade.

Commissioner Combs has his own particular plan for conducting Harvest Festivals and Councils. His armor-bearer describes it as a supply of fire for powder and shot—aiming at getting all his Officers into the top spiritual condition, at the same time organizing the special effort.



Colonel Endle forms the character sketch of this week's English Cry. There is a good picture of this old Canadian warrior.

The Cape Town rinkettes have been captured in earnest by the Salvationists of that City. Splendid crowds gathered, and souls were saved at the opening Campaign, led by Commissioner and Mrs. Hildsall.

MIXTURES

Look out for picture of West Ontario's Marine Band.

Capt. A. Rowan will contribute an article for the War Cry shortly.

Adjutant Hay is holding an at Fenelon Falls until the anniversary meeting.

There is a possibility of a Central Ontario Staff Officer being transferred to the West.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Minnie paid a flying visit to St. Catharines on property business.

The Mercury also had in the same issue a friendly summary of Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield's stay.

The well-known evangelistic singer, Mr. Mantion Smith, is the cousin of Adj. Mantion, the veteran of the Temple.

"Great gatherings, joyous meetings, songs in every place," is Major Pugmire's summary of the Field Commissioner's Campaign down East.

The unique four-day campaign run by Major Southall in London was a fine success. The Salvation drama created a fine impression.

Brigadier Margetts is one of the earliest among the army of Headquarters in the mornings. The Brigadier says that the early hours are the best for work.

Major Southall is physically run down, consequent on the tremendous whirl of night and day work he has been engaged in since his advent to West Ontario.

Last month's Monitor, the provincial magazine of Central Ontario, was chiefly made up while Brigadier Read and Adjutant Stanton were flying on an outward bound train.

Regular Correspondent E. M. Archer, of Listowel, thus concludes a letter: "May the Lord bless you all and continue to make the Cry a blessing to everyone who reads it, as it is and has been to me."

"The last issue of the War Cry, the official Salvation Army organ, contains a nice little write-up of the Royal City. Illustrated with a number of very good cuts of Army workers and sympathizers and public buildings," Guelph Mercury.

Captain A. Rowan is absent from East Ontario Headquarters on furlough through ill-health. She says: "It certainly is the greatest cross of my life to be away from the Salvation Army, but I am thankful that I can now bow without chafe to God's will. He knoweth best."

"Surely," says Brigadier Read, "there need be no lawful impediment in the way of any officer securing a return ticket to the Queen City for the anniversary for single fare and 15 cents." The Brigadier seems to have the marriage service much on mind, and no wonder, seeing that it is so much in evidence.

A Christian soldier met a member of our League, discussing Christianity with a fellow soldier, passed the following remark: "If you really want to see me amongst the servants of God, you must go to the Salvationists. In our corner the joy of the Lord reigns in the consciousness of the men who are in the Salvation Army."

"Joe the Turk—the only and original," says our New York contemporary, "all the way from Armenia, via the penitence form at San Francisco, has set in Washington's chair at Morristown and blown his horn in that historic place. The staff bandman's desire to know whether he played 'One More River to Cross.'"

Lippincott Street Corps (Toronto), was visited by a whole host of Headquarters officers on Sunday, including Mrs. Brigadier Margetts, Mrs. Major Gaskin, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargrave, Adjutant Mantion, Ensigns Kenning, Ogilvie, Fletcher, Canale, Nellie Townsend, Captain Dick Griffiths and Lieutenant Arthur Morris. The meetings were conducted by the editor of the War Cry.

"The Salvation Army Chancel was literally packed last night when the five-act drama, 'The Modern Prodigal,' was given. It was a powerful object lesson and every one was deeply moved. Special scenery had been prepared, and the Salvationists were amply repaid for their trouble. The large audience. To-night the newly organized Marine Band will be dedicated for the service."—London News, Sept. 15.



October 18th, 19th, 20th and dates for the sale on behalf of the maintenance of the Ch. Memorial Headquarters.

"Timed Waggonette, with 'Produce' printed in large letters, the top, conveys our goods to the Social Farm in Africandale.

The Boston Workmen's every night. Since the accommodation, 125 men are nightly; but such does not need.

The people of Kansas City, nobly in supporting our Fair at Fairmount Park. It has been continually with poor sickly babies.

Brigadier Wilmer had to be out on the side of a ship, locked on a recent tour, was a new experience, although apostolic."

Salvation Army effort in the trouble has had to combat the adverse circumstances by the assassination of President Montevideo.

The hair of Staff-Captain devoted and plucky Zulu Ier is, they tell us, fast as he is saving glorious success, not cure for such a detail.

All the men in one of the Remondons Town Military Har Africa, are converted. A number of these rules would reveal soldiers of the Queen's Army.

A man who only a short time ago African Social Farm, set \$1.50 out of his first earnings, presume is a thank offering, selected promise of more.

An American, just concluded for the Ministry in Her of our Officers that he had careful inspection of our G without acquainting any of how many eyes are concentrated upon our dolings!

The Chief Constable of a sized around one of our great Metropolis. Said he: "I believe in the Salvation, pointing to a Soldier, 'done for that man what the Police Court does could not do.'"

Mrs. Commissioner Hildsall, on a thorough patient visit to one town, she is a successful open-air, and a meeting in a school-house minister, but visited next every house in that part something like \$150 for the

That was a good idea of a hymn, the prominent Johannesburg, when he proposed his birth-day by giving 100 fees, feast, putting all under the command of the Army Captain, the renowned "Pomer" It was a capital play carried out.

A record-breaking Labor situation was conducted in Park by the American Committee united marsh-bus was com Salvationists. Souls were a ladies enrolled, Officers and on fire, and a victorious the Central Camp meetings been throughout a spiritual financial success.

An official invitation has been at New York Headquarters Mayor and Council of Bing Commander and Consul Bo contact meetings in the of that City, volunteering time to accept responsibility the meetings' expense. The era will deliver a lecture for on Sunday, October 10, presiding.

In one of Commissioner R in the Old Country held a famed Corps of Oldham missioner paused in the early meeting, and asked if there was a Salvationist in the door, with a baby on his walked over to where his lay across the aisle, placed her hand and marched in form. He had scarcely when a big coffin on the the building threw up ho

STORIES

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Rowan will contribute an article to the War Cry shortly. It may be holding on at Fen until the anniversary meeting.

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Unknown evangelistic singer, on Smith, is the cousin of the veteran of the Fen.

gatherings, forced meetings; in every place, it has been crowded continuously with poor women and sickly babies.

Brigadier Wilmer had to be hauled in and out of the side of a ship in a basket on a recent tour, which he says "was a new experience, although slightly unpleasant."

Southall is physically run down on the tremendous night and day work he has been doing in since his advent to the Fen.

Southall's Monitor, the program of Central Ontario, lay made up while Brigadier Adjutant Stanton was in the Central Ontario band train.

Correspondent E. M. Archibald, thus concludes a letter to the Lord which he has written to make the Cry a blessing to the man who reads it, as it is to me.

Issue of the War Cry, the Salvation Army organ, contains the article of the day, illustrated with a number of cuts of Army workers and others and public buildings.

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October 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st are the dates for the sale on behalf of funds for the maintenance of the Charity House, Memorial Headquarters.

United Wagonette, with "Social Farm Produce" printed in large letters around the top, conveys our goods to and from the Social Farm in Africville Land.

The Boston Workmen's Hotel is full every night. Since the additional accommodation, 121 men can be taken nightly; but such does not meet the full need.

The people of Kansas City have done nobly in supporting our Fresh-Air Camp at Fairmount Park. It has been crowded continuously with poor women and sickly babies.

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TERRITORIAL THEMES.

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

We are evidently in for a very remarkable series of meetings in Toronto, from October 11 to 17, in preparation for which are about completed.

The records of the run of glorious meetings conducted by the Commissioners in the East will have well-ventilated our spiritual appetites and made our spirits keen with anticipation for even greater triumphs this way.

A few people I know are already busily equipping the hours for their commencement, anxious as they are to once more listen to the powerful readings of the Field Commissioner, to the touching songs of "Willie," "Dot," or "Go wild" over the musical exercises of the youngsters in large numbers.

The West Ontario Marine Band and the Peterboro Brass Band have signified their intention of being present, to whom we bid a hearty welcome.

The music of the sleigh bell is great. We have already heard one of these renderings, and by the time October 14th has reached us, Brigadier Kinning will have got his Junior Band made capable of causing a few surprises in this direction. Nor will Major Cassin and his juniors be behind with their dumbbells, etc.

But what is music without God? And what is the Salvation Army without salvation? We expect above everything else to see a glorious flow of the latter, and to feel an overpowering consciousness of the presence of the former. Who, in the Person of the Holy Ghost, shall slay sin, defeat the devil, bless His own, and build up His Kingdom through the campaign.

Ridgeway is going in for an Army barracks, and officers' quarters all its own. St. Catharines is also bent on building a new senior barracks, while Niagara Street seniors are bravely battling along in noble effort to add to their cosy hall a home for the juniors.

Mrs. Margraves and self have spent a Sunday at the Farm, which, by the way, is looking delightful. It was a

fair treat to talk to and worship with those dear men, so free from criticism, stiffness or reserve.

Adj. and Mrs. Clark, who for many years have so faithfully fought "neath the flag in the land of the Maple Leaf, have been transferred to Encke Sam's domain, and are now in charge of Seattle Shelter. Others are on the way. Are you ready?

A copy of "The Local Officer," the latest literary production of the S.A., has been placed in the writer's hands. Without doubt this monthly periodical is calculated to be of immense service in enlightening our locals as to the "manner of men they should be," the kind of spirit they should possess and the class of work they should be successful in accomplishing. It is also destined to do a great deal in fostering and strengthening the "world-wide" unity of our locals throughout the universe, are you a subscriber? No local should be without a copy.

This reminds me, there is a publication, too, for "officers only." Do you read it? It is called "The Officer," which, if you gave it the opportunity, will keep you up-to-date in all the sciences of Salvation Army warfare.

Col. Jacobs, our worthy Chief Secretary, we are delighted to say, is gradually gaining physical strength, and although it will be some time before he is strong enough to again dash in to the fray, his prospects of doing so sooner or later are much more promising.

Capt. Townsend has safely arrived in Toronto from the Old Land, and ere this is in the hands of our readers, will have been permanently promoted to the staff. Congratulations and God's blessings.

Major McMillan, writes the Field Commissioner, in glowing terms of the prosperity of the work in both the senior and junior branches in this Newfoundland of ours. The Major and Mrs. McMillan have been visiting the Bonaville and Greenspond Districts taking with them their little Norman, who captivated the hearts of the people with his singing and his asking them to come to Jesus. That's the style, Major. J.E.M.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Count Louis de Looze, of Brussels, is travelling in Manitoba, as advertising agent for Washburn's circus.

A tramp who was being pursued by two men, threw himself over a cliff a distance of 100 feet, and was seen to make off apparently unhurt.

A great sensation has been caused in Austrian Court circles by the announcement of the marriage of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir-presumptive to the Throne of Austria Hungary, to the daughter of a Mine manager. The lady was a former housekeeper of Herr Krupp, the great manufacturer of Essen, where she met the Archduke.

A Russian dentist as at length solved the problem of supplying false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain, or metal, as the case may be. At the root of the tooth holes are made, and also in the jaw. The tooth is placed in the jaw, and in a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the jaw into the holes of the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

WORLD'S TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEM.

The total length of the world's telegraphic system has now reached 1,063,221 miles, exclusive of 180,410 miles of submarine cables. Of this, Europe has 1,512,700 miles; Asia, 310,656 miles; Africa, 99,419 miles; Australia, 217,479 miles; and America, 2,335,648 miles. United States Consul Germain, who sends these figures to the State Department from Zurich, says that notwithstanding the great increase in the building of telegraph lines all over Europe, America leads the world, and has almost double the European mileage.



The King of Siam, with the French President, witnessed a review of the French troops recently.

A Milk Trust has assumed control of Greater New York City, and has announced purely benevolent intentions.

Reports from the great gold district tell of salmon selling at Dawson City at \$10 each, one selling as high as \$60.

The Viceroy of Ireland, Earl Cadogan, has issued a statement to the effect that the reports of famine prospects in Ireland are unjustifiable.

News has been received of the loss of the steamer, "Newarch." It is thought that 29 men have perished in the Arctic snows. Only eight escaped.

There is a scarcity of "cents" in Toronto, caused by the 15,000 Epworth Leaguers who carried off about 50,000 of the extra cents as souvenirs.

An attempt has been made to assassinate President Diaz in the City of Mexico. The man, who was unsuccessful, was promptly arrested and has since been lynched.

The British gunboats, while reconnoitering up the River Nile, sighted a force of 1500 Dervish infantry and cavalry on the left bank near Damir. The enemy retired when fired on.

The new Bishop of Bristol, England, is a newspaper man by profession. He was a regular contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette, under Mr. Greenwood, and also wrote for the magazines.

The detectives are well on the track of the recent Naperville safe robbery. It is believed that the burglars were fully six weeks at work upon the combination of the vault before they accomplished their purpose.

The operations of the troops under General Veithman-Briens in Northern India against the revolting tribesmen have been entirely successful. The enemy seems to show no signs of desire to encounter the British troops in force.

Reports from Labrador speak of the complete failure of the cod fishery. Hundreds of vessels are returning bringing accounts of exceptionally poor fishing. Widespread destitution among the fishermen is expected during the winter.

A miner, who has spent five years in the Yukon District, says there is more danger to be feared from cold than from starvation in Klondike. When he left Dawson City, there were not over 100 houses, while there were 2,000 people there.

The great miners' strike has at last ended. It is estimated that the cost of the strike amounted to from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000. Of this amount, the miners lost about \$2,500,000 in wages. The resolution to resume work was carried with a rush.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says: "It is an open secret that France and Russia have combined to prevent the Sultan from entering into a military alliance with Germany to the exclusion of the other Powers."

The Queen has decided that the gifts and addresses received by Her Majesty upon the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee are to be placed on exhibition in the Imperial Institute, London, in October. One-half of the proceeds will be given to the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund.

Mr. William Mather, an ex-member of the House of Commons and managing partner of the great Saford Iron Works, has written to the Employers' Federation and Amalgamated Society of Engineers, making proposals to end the great strike in the engineering trades, which has been in progress for over twelve months. The proposal has since been rejected by the employers.

In the assault on the garrison of Fort Gullistan, Northern India, a most gallant defence was made. Again and again the tribesmen were repulsed at the point of the bayonet. One native sergeant, with 16 Sikhs, charged into the midst of 200 tribesmen and captured three standards. Another native captain, with two Sikhs, dashed to the rescue of a wounded comrade, cut their way through the enemy and brought him safely into the fort. The garrisons were at their posts for 30 consecutive hours. The women of the garrison attended the wounded under an unrelenting heavy fire. The casualties of the British forces were two men killed and 38 wounded.



HONOR ROLL.

Lieut. Cowan, Halifax L.	152
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Windsor, Ont.	145
Mr. Dora, Picton, Ont.	142
Cadet Exstrume, Winnipeg	115
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage (av. 2 w.)	110
Mrs. Elnora Fraser, New Glasgow (av. 2 weeks)	106
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C.	100
Cadet Burlog, Winnipeg	100
Lieut. Dickens, Prescott	98
Mrs. Beales, Temple	94
Mr. McNamoy, St. Albans, Vt.	71
Rev. Stodger, St. Albans, Vt.	71
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow (av. 2 w.)	70
Mr. Sleeth, Pembroke	65
Sergt. Mrs. Crane, Fredericton	61
Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston	61
Mr. Meeks, Fredericton	62
Amie Duncany, Kingston	59
Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg	58
Carrie Goodrich, Halifax L.	55
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	55
Mrs. Beattie, Fredericton	55
Sergt. Brass, Hamilton L.	55
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	55
Cadet Cook, St. John's, Nfld.	52
Sis. Jessie McQuinn, Temple	50
Mary Shuster, Berlin	50
Bro. Johnson, Hamilton L.	50
Mr. Bacon, Montreal H.	50
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C.	50
Adj. Alkenhead, Halifax L.	45
Capt. Hill, Montreal H.	45
Capt. Campbell, Halifax L.	45
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	45
Capt. Green, Campbellford	45
Sergt. Mrs. Collins, St. John L. N. B.	45
Capt. Priddore, Prescott	45
Father Dixon, Temple	42
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph	41
Capt. French, Peaseboro	41
Mr. Hays, Yorkville	41
Mrs. Keston Wynn, North Bay	40
Capt. Slat, Berlin	40
Cadet Nesworth, St. John's, Nfld.	40
Sister McDerm, Victoria	40
Cadet Chapman, Ligar Street (av. 2 weeks)	40
Capt. Banks, Nanaimo	39
Lieut. Gross, Nanaimo	39
Blanche Ferguson, Halifax L.	38
Sis. McCusker, Hamilton L.	35
Sergt. Mrs. Hovvers, Ligar Street	35
Mrs. Moore, Dovermont	35
Cadet Hudson, Ligar Street (av. 2 weeks)	32
Capt. Stilliker, Riverside	32
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	31
Cadet Gahns, Victoria	31
Clara Hilliard, Berlin	30
Capt. Burton, Hamilton L.	30
Maude Harvey, Riverside	29
Mary J. Suddard, Kingston	28
Mrs. Capt. Green, Campbellford	28
Capt. Hart, Temple	25
John Ash, St. John V. N. B.	25
Loyle Scott, Guelph	25
Emily Sullivan, North Bay	25
May Donovan, Fredericton	25
R. Montgomery, Winnipeg	25
E. Robinson, Trenton	25
Bro. Case, Hamilton L.	25
Sergt. Lison, St. John's Nfld.	25
Capt. McKie, Chesterville	25
Mr. McParlane, Chesterville	25
Myrtle Crawford, Guelph	25
Sergt. Veale, Barre, Vt.	23
Mrs. Wilcox, Montreal H.	23
Mrs. Capt. Conte, Trenton	23
Capt. Conte, Trenton	22
Cadet Bert, St. John's Nfld.	21
Sergt. Mrs. Stickells, Ligar Street	20
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	20
Mrs. Jubile, Picton, Ont.	20
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Bradbeer, North Bay	20

Father Curry, Hamilton L. 20
Sergt. Schnyder, Pembroke 20
Sergt. Woods, Peterboro 20
Bro. Hurzio, Barre, Vt. 20

We must commence our notes this week with a chorus to the tune of—
"Where, Where Are They Now?"

Where, where, where are they now,
Our champion banners are missing somehow.

There's Mac and Fred, Bell and Half-
man as well.

Oh, where, where are they now?
F. P. must proceed very, very

cautiously if he is to reach the end
of his notes. The shock has been so
great it has almost overcome him.
Now, ye comforters, comfort poor F. P.
Had it been but one, that would
burden enough. But to lose the three,
Oh, dear! ah me!

What was that? Oh, yes. Influenza
is bad, bad in itself, bad in its effects.
F. P. has had a visit from this dread
enemy. That sets me a-thinking. The
absence of our heroes is the effect of
a cause. Let me see, or rather think.
Absent from bawling, present with
— Ah! Oh, yes, the Commissioner
is away down East, as we write,
and perhaps our heroes are making
the most of such a treat.

If that is so we must look out for
a bit more, as they will return from
those meetings bursting with energy,
after having heard the fiery utterances
of our leader.

Well, Lieut. Cowan, you little
expected that you would be heading the
list this week. Bear your honors well,
you deserve them. At the same time,
remember you are only seven copies
ahead of your worthy follower, Mrs.
Adjutant Dowell, of Windsor.

Lieut. Dora is third, and Exstrume is
making good use of her opportunity,
while Lewellyn is at the big go's. Your
115 copies is a very creditable accom-
plishment.

McKay, of Rat Portage, is still busy
booming, totalling 110, which is 7
more than Mrs. Fraser, of New Glas-
gow.

The almettes are but few, Dickens

of Prescott, and Mrs. Beals, of the
Temple, being the only representa-
tives. The eighties are away, giving
place to that well-matched pair, Stal-
gers and McNamoy, of St. Albans,
Vt.

Sergt. Mrs. Crane, of Fredericton,
and Sergt. Mrs. Barber, of Kingston,
are sent together, but one behind
Sleeth, of Pembroke.

The fifties look up well together,
there being some well-known names
among them.

Mrs. Scott, of Guelph, manages 51
copies this week. Guelph should do
well with the Cry containing all
about the Royal City. No back num-
bers on hand this week, ye royal peo-
ple.

Adjutant Alkenhead has 49 again
to her name this week, but the pres-
ence of her lieutenant at the top
speaks volumes for the fact of Halifax
been well looked after, despite the
rush and hurry connected with the
Commissioner's visit. Of course, Ad-
jutant, we shall see you in your old
place next week, sure.

The forties are well represented,
and will, if I mistake not, furnish a
few to swell the fifties. What do you
say, Hill and Campbell? One and two
will make two more fifties. How's
that for new reckoning, eh? Most
people think that one and two make
three; it may or may not; it some-
times makes twelve, or even twenty-
one, and yet, at other times, one-half,
leaving one's braining. Calculation it
make two more fifties. Ha, ha!

Should wives lead their husbands?
That is the question. We do not call
for answers to this query (especially
by post). One can scarcely be said to
lead where the other does not follow
at all. In that case the leader is both
the front and rear rank. Of how
many "hubs" can this be said. In
"Cry" beatings? Does not thy better
half's zeal stir thine heart to rise up
and do likewise? But, there, why this
dissertation? Oh, I forget and wan-
dered away from my point. "Have I
said one yet, you ask? Oh, yes. What is
it? Why, Mrs. Capt. Conte, of Tren-
ton, leads the Captain by just one
copy. See?"

I pray thee, ye ventures of the
sterner sex, deal gently with poor
FOUNTAIN PEN.

SNAP-SHOT TALK

From Guelph Corps.

I think when God gives us a great
bit of blessing and we only acknowledge
a little of it, we do Him an injustice.
I feel this morning that He saves and
sanctifies me. I don't think I ever
said that before.

There is one green spot that will al-
ways be fresh in my memory. It is
where I found pardon.

I used to think I should have to go
away somewhere if I got converted,
till I got used to it, but I praise God
I find His Grace is sufficient at home.
I don't believe that God makes
church members at a Salvation Army
penitent form.

When I first put the badge on, if I
met my old companions the devil
would say, "Take it off. Then I would
say, Lord give me grace to keep it on,
and praise God my path gets brighter
every day.

Since I got converted I have got a
lot of corners knocked off.
I used to shed tears so easily that
I asked God to help me not to, but
He came with such blessing to my
soul this morning that it broke me
all up.
August, 1897.
J.E.S.E.C.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway
relatives in any part of the globe; be-
friend, or assist, if possible, wronged
girls, women, or children, or any person
in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER
EVA BOOTH, 15 Albert Street, Toronto,
Canada, and mark, "Enquiry," on the en-
velope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray
a part of the expenses.
We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers
and friends will look through the Miss-
ing Column regularly, and if they see
any cases which they could help us with,
we would be pleased if they would do so.

(First Insertion).

1893. WILLIAM and JOSEPH LIT-
TLEDALE and sister, now Emily Cun-
ningham. Last heard of was living in
Cleveland, Ohio. Did live on Ontario
Street, Mother enquires. Address "En-
quiry," Toronto.

1894. WILLIAM LAKE. Dark com-
plexion; height, 6 ft.; age, 50 years.
Last heard from Christmas, '91; was
then living at Littleton, Manitoba.
Friends enquire. American Cry please
copy. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1895. MRS. HENRY LLOYD, nee
EDITH CHAPMAN. Last heard from
eight years ago. Was then living in
Covhill, W. Trenton, Canada. Her
father and sisters enquire. Address,
"Enquiry," Toronto.

(Second Insertion).

SAMUEL BURNS.—Was a Soldier of
the Montreal L. Corps. Last heard of
was in the United States. Address, Ad-
jutant Combs, 63 Cathcart Street, Mon-
real, American Cry please copy.

JOHN CLARK.—Left Lindsay, Ontario,
in 1876. Went to Elk Rapids, Mich., U.
S. A. Last heard of was living in In-
diana, fourteen years ago. Had a wife
and one boy. Second wife's maiden name
Frances Elliott. Mrs. L. Handley, of
Senarth, Ontario, enquires. American
Cry please copy.

WILLIAM and JOSEPH BRYANT.
Left Kingston, June 17th, 1875. Last heard
of in Montreal. Both light and fair com-
plexion. William's height, 5 ft. 11 in.;
Joseph, about 5 ft. 4 in. Mother very anx-
ious to hear from them. English Cry
please copy.

MARY JANE CARTER, of London,
England. Last heard from, 1892, then
working in a factory in the suburbs of
London. William Carter, Broadway St.
Bridges, Winnipeg, Man., enquires.

JONATHAN E. JAY. Age 37 years.
Occupation, a teacher; height, 5 ft. 6 in.;
left Horton Landing, Nova Scotia, June
1st, 1897; purchased a ticket for Win-
nipeg, Man. He has a teacher's license
for the Dominion.

THOMAS and MARY ANN MORLEY
came out of Mersham, near Ashford, Kent,
England, are living somewhere in Can-
ada. Son John enquires. Address, "En-
quiry," Toronto.



"He's happy now he's got it."

YOU NEVER WILL BE SORRY

For living a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For bristling a slanderous tongue.
For being square in business dealings.
For giving an unfortunate person a
lift.
For promptness in keeping your pro-
mise.
For putting the best construction on
acts of others.

WAR CRY RACE.

NAME.....

(Give rank, if any, whether local or official.)

Corps.....

Province.....

Sold, outside the Barracks..... War Cry for week
ending Saturday.....

Countersigned.....

Commanding Officer.

NOTE.—Fill out this Form and send it to the Editor regularly every week.

Failure in this disqualifies the racer.

[DRAID STORY.]

DAD SLOSS, Convict.

A STORY OF THE PRISON
GATE HOME.

CHAPTER XIV.
At War with Authority.

Archie had now risen to the height of his ambition. He was an outlaw and a bushranger, and was at war with the Government of Western Australia. He now felt himself to be a free man in every respect, inasmuch as he was under no moral or legal restraint. He had got to learn that there is a freedom which is slavery, and he was free from the rigours of the convict prison, but he was a slave to the sins and curses of his life.

He was one of the leaders of a desperate gang, who forced

Neither God nor Man,

and this gang of ruffians held the country in terror for three hundred miles around.

Archie's first great exploit was to sack and burn the Convict Station at Champion Bay, and retreat to the bush. The prison authorities were completely taken by surprise by Archie's gang of "Forty Thieves," and the yards were relieved of their fire-arms, marched down to the coast, and compelled, at the sight of cocked rifles, to get into a boat as the tide was going out, and, without oars, rudder, compass, provisions or fresh water, were pushed out to sea, and left to the mercy of wind and waves.

The convict boat was then destroyed by fire. The few convicts left behind were "sworn in" as members of the "Forty Thieves."

Four years Archie lived the life of a bush-ranger; and at last the gang suffered a defeat, which broke its power, and finally dispersed its members. The Aborigines were in strong evidence in the North-West during the latter times. The chief of a tribe had been supplying the Colonial Government with information about the location and the doings of the notorious Sloss gang. Several of the Aborigines were captured by the Government to assist the mounted police in hunting Archie Sloss and the "Forty Thieves" to earth. Archie knew of this and was daily waiting for an attack to be made upon the gang.

"I was stationed at an outpost," said Archie, telling of the disaster that overtook them, "on the look-out for the mounted and armed police, who were getting nearer to us every day, when our campers at our head-quarters got a surprise and were all taken. When I got back to the stronghold I saw signs that a terrible struggle had taken place. A strong force of mounted police had discovered the place, surrounded it, with pointed rifles, marched in upon the gang whilst at supper."

"The 'Snake-eater' was there, and thinking he was going to be shot, suddenly lost his reason again, and, with the agility of a young tiger, sprang upon one of the policemen and fastened his teeth in his neck, and

Brought Him to the Ground.

"This was the signal for the fight. The police were slightly outnumbered, but were well armed."

"The 'Snake-eater' would have torn the throat of the policeman clean out, but another policeman came to the rescue of his comrade, and, with the shock of his gun, smashed the 'Snake-eater's' head right in, and killed him instantly. That was the end of the poor 'Snake-eater'."

"There was a lot of knocking down on both sides, and several were badly injured, but the convicts got the worst of it, and were sent to jail. The stronghold was blown up, and the prisoners, in chains, were marched down to the coast."

It was a great disappointment to the authorities that Archie Sloss was not among the prisoners. It was Sloss they wanted, and Sloss they must have. But he was not so easily caught. The Aborigines pressed upon him hard, knowing that more than half of his gang had been caught.

"I must have had the heart of a lion," said Archie, when referring to this period. "It was the roughest and the most devilish life you could imagine that it was possible for a man to live through. My life wasn't safe for an hour. I never knew at what moment a native savage might set a poisoned dart into me. I wasn't afraid



Tunes.—I Am Coming, Lord, B. J. 27; Nay, but I Yield, B. J. 20, 3.

1 The fire, O Lord, we crave—
Sweet, sacred fire of love;
This, only this, will satisfy—
As heavenward we move.

Chorus.

Make us more like Thee,
Fill us with Thy love;
Let Thy Spirit now descend
In showers from above.

We want to seek the best—
To channels of Thy power,
Though "earthen vessels" filled with
Thee.

And used each passing hour.

Take us, though "broken reeds,"
Should us and make afresh;
From self set free, oh may we be
Filled with Thy righteousness!

Tunes.—Happy Day That Fixed My
Choice.

2 Dear Saviour, far from Thee I've
strayed,
Thy loving words I've disobeyed—
Thy laws I've defied, Thy mercy squandered;
But now, dear Lord, to Thee I turn.

Chorus.

Take me in (Repeat)
A broken heart to Thee I bring;
Oh, hear my cry, and save my soul,
But me arise, and be made whole.

Take me in (Repeat)
Oh, save me now from every sin.

My sins are many, Lord, I feel;
Oh, wilt Thou my backslidings heal?
That out the past, restore my soul,
And make me, Jesus, fully whole.

Restore to me Thy holy law,
Give back the peace my sins destroyed;
Within my heart, Lord, place Thy
power,
That I may serve Thee from this hour.

Wide now to Thee my heart I bring,
Arise with healing in Thy wings;
My all to Thee, I gladly give
And from henceforth for Thee I'll live.

Capt. E. Sims, Prov. Agent.

Try this as a Solo—Koop Mo Faithful.

Tunes.—Sweet Marie.

3 When I ponder o'er the past,
I can see
How faithful I have been
Loyal to Thee;

To the One who led and died,
Yes, for me was crucified,
Who was willing me to guide,
Even me.

When I should have trusted most,
Saviour dear,
I have doubted, and have lost,
All through fear;

Jesus help me by Thy grace,
Trust Thee, where I cannot trace,
Till with joy I've run the race;
Lord, help me.

Chorus.

Lord, help me to faithful be,
Lord, help me to faithful be;
Not an self to rely, but on Thee,
When my path is dark and fearful,
And there's none to help or cheer,
Even then Thou wilt be near,
Lord, to me.

When I'm tempted to give o'er,
Lord, help me
To press on, and trust the more,
Lord, in Thee,
Thou wilt give me needed grace,

of death, only I didn't want to die because life was sweet—even the present life of a bushranger. I never thought

Of God and the Judgment.

I was worse than a heathen who worships a stone god." Subsequently placards were issued

And help me the foe to face,
Still remaining in my place,
Keep me true,
Then whatever may befall,
I'll not fear;
I will take Thee as my guide,
Saviour dear.

Leading hand on Thy strong arm,
Nothing then need me alarm,
Thou canst keep me from all harm,
Even me.

Saviour, by Thy grace I'll follow
Day by day;
Striving souls to win for Thee,
On the way;

"Tis but little I can do,
But the labours are few;
In Thy strength I'll dare and do
All for Thee.

Give me courage, then, to battle,
Lord, for Thee;
To proclaim to all Thy love
And liberty.

If I trust in Thy great name,
I shall then fresh courage gain,
And rejoicing I shall claim
Victory!

Tunes.—Eaton, B. J. 167, 2; Sovereigns
(Y. B. J. 229, 1; Ye Banks and
Houses, B. J. 56, 3; Stebbins.

4 Oh, shimmer, on life's racing sea,
There's coming on a dreadful
storm!

Where wilt you then for refuge flee,
Whilst on eternal billows borne?
Unless the Lord is on the deck,
Your soul will be a total wreck.

By worldly breezes borne along,
Your way may seem serene and
bright;
But hushed ere long will be your song,
When God shall rise, His foes to
smite;

No good for help your voice to lift—
Down to destruction you will drift.

Our ship is bound for Heaven's docks,
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;
Your course will land you on the rocks,
And sink your soul to dark despair!

Heave-to! don't let this offer slip!
Hut step on board the Gospel Ship.

Tunes.—Oh, the Lamb! B. J. 72, 3;
Bright Crowns, B. J. 69, 1; Jubile-
ment Day, B. J. 65, 1.

5 I know there's a bright and glori-
ous land
Away in the heavens high,
Where all the redeemed shall with
Jesus dwell—
Will you be there and I?

Chorus.
Will you be there and I?
Will you be there and I?
Where all the redeemed shall with
Jesus dwell—
Will you be there, and I?

In robes of white, o'er streets of gold,
Beneath a cloudless sky,
They'll walk in the light of their Father's
love—
Will you be there, and I?

From every kingdom of earth they
come,
To raise their anthems high;
Their harps will never be there un-
strung—
Will you be there, and I?

If we find a loving Saviour now,
And follow Him faithfully,
When He gathers His children in that
bright Home,
Then you'll be there, and I! Yes!
You'll, etc.

announcing that all convicts on ticket-of-leave would receive a free pardon, Archie thought that this was only a plot to try and catch him, but afterwards learnt that it was a bona-fide announcement.

He wrote to the Governor of Freemantle Convict Depot, asking for a conditional pardon that he might be

allowed to leave the colony. "No," replied the Governor. "No, Mr. Sloss—you are too bad. If we can only get hold of you, we'll give you a reception far more enthusiastic than if you were a foreign prince!"

"That settles the matter," said Archie to his dozen mates. "We'll go to Freemantle and see this gentleman, and hold a dozen muskets to his head, and he'll give us a conditional pardon!"

The same week Archie and the remainder of his gang came to Champion Bay, and found a small schooner outward bound for the Cape, and as he was embarking was arrested. In a few days the news was published throughout the colony that the famous outlaw, Archie Sloss, was taken prisoner.

(To be Continued.)

Central Ontario.

Dovercourt.

We have just had our Annual Harvest Festival. Sunday's meetings were led by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargrave. One precious soul volunteered out at night. Tuesday night had a visit from Staff-Captain Hargrave and a number of Headquarters Staff. Adjutant Dave McManis, who was on a message of mercy to the City, cheered us with his presence and songs.—William Lewis, Captain.

Orillia.

We have just got over our Harvest Festival meetings here. We had a fine assortment of vegetables, etc., also live stock. Captain was the Angelus, and a good one she was. The Spirit of the Lord is working among the people, and we are going in for soul-saving times. Halliday 1—the from No. 32.

Hamilton II.

Captain Brooks forwarded on Sunday. He goes to Richmond Street, Toronto. His stay in this city has been blessed of God and it is in better standing all around. We who remain wish him God-speed, and are going to go right on, in God's strength, to victory.—Fred Burton, Lieutenant.

Bracebridge.

We are winning. Our Harvest Festival target left away behind. The Canadians here deserve credit for the way they took hold of it. One prodigious game home in Sunday afternoon meeting. We are going strong for goals. Must have them, our God is helping us and we are sure to win. Yours to follow, J. Jones, Esq.

Lippincott.

Harvest Festival Week-End: Major and Mrs. Gastin in command, assisted by fine of Headquarters Staff, Weather line and open-air ditto, Brass and String Band; full house; three soups. Monday night, Major and Mrs. Frederick present. Selections by Staff Band. Selling of Red-Cross, produce, etc. Target gallantly aimed at and gained. Victory. Halliday 1.—Berl J. Haden, Lieutenant.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED for a Provincial Soring Band. Will those soldiers who can play the fiddle, auto-harp, mandolin, etc., and who are desirous of spending a few months in the service of God, please apply to Brander Road at once, officers, too, should also on the look-out for such musicians and urge them to apply. We are in urgent need of such a string band to tour the province and thus help on sublimity and morality. Apply without delay stating the instrument played.

LOANS. LOANS. LOANS.

ANY PERSON having money to invest would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from

STAFF-CAPT. SMEETON,
Albert St. Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, B. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

BIG 15th

W

AND O

VOL. III. NO.

Skete

FROM

the
at
so
of
G
or
t
mut
can
tain

days dumb animal friend in me. A stolen dog has never been so much loved by a command my friend. This fondness was but in the home to resemble could almost as a less animal from could a destitute trer door.

So they have crocanaries, rabbits, for many of them maimed or half-m room for them. Those around me h constant arrivals v brows of disgust, I deed that theirs h to bring the piece saucer of milk for

My Furred or Fe

Someone will be this has to do with Ah, but that some aware that kindne Very important pla Love platform.

Sad and strange many children incl wards animals w possession of all, those small fingers they ought to be. Is to such little children of parents duced coarse in n action, that our B like the pure brae mosphere, and wh ate children hav out that clause of